

# Close the Distance

by Pen.Derek

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Summary: Tara's best friend from college comes to Charming to live. There is an immediate connection between Joey and the MC, especially with Opie. Both feel more, but are too afraid to show emotions. What happens when it all comes to a head? (Will have some angst, but not a lot of violence) I do not own anything SOA related, just my OC Joey

## 1. Joey

**\*\*Alright, this is an AU story with an OC. There is no Donna and Opie doesn't have kids in this fic. Opie and OC centered, but heavy on Tara and Jax too! \*Wendy doesn't exist in this story either.\*\*\***

6 months ago:

"You're finally here!" Tara said, running up to a woman around the same age.

"I missed you so much!" Her friend said, wrapping her arms around Tara.

"It's only been two years." Tara said, rolling her eyes.

"I'm sorry, did you even hear what you just said? Two years. And in that time, you've managed to have a baby and get engaged. What the fuck!" Her friend exclaimed, slapping Tara on the arm.

"Jesus, Joey, can you keep it down a little?" Tara asked.

"Of course not. Okay, it's time for me to meet this Jackson character you've been in love with for the last ten years! This is like some fairy tale shit." Joey says, grabbing her bags from the conveyor belt.

"What do you mean?" Tara asked her.

"Tara, come on! You fall in love when you're 16. You left, went to college, came back and basically picked up where you left off. You're pregnant three months after returning home! You're freaking engaged! It's a fairy tale."

"You have heard some pretty fucked up fairy tales in your life." Tara laughed, putting Joey's suitcases in the trunk of the cutlass.

"Whatever, I just think it's awesome that you're getting your happily ever after, and I get to witness it. Plus, with him being in a big bad biker gang, I bet there's lots of hot bad boys running around your town."

"You're such a dumbass. You're going to love it in Charming." Tara said, smiling at her best friend beside her.

-C.T.D.-

As soon as Tara drove past the Charming sign, Joey was jumping in her seat.

"You always were a jumpy bitch." Tara commented.

"Fuck you, Knowles. I'm so excited. Do you know how weird people look at you when you live in a picture perfect town and you act like me? It's horrible. I think Charming is going to be exactly what I needed." Joey said, taking in her surroundings as Tara drove.

Both women were quiet as they drove through town.

A few minutes later they pulled up to a house. Based on what Tara had said, this must be the house she now lived in with Jax. It was blue and looked like a nice home for the young family.

"It looks kind of small, are you sure there will be enough room for me until I can find a place?" Joey asked Tara, not wanting to impede on her new found life.

"There's three bedrooms, it'll be fine. Come on, let's get your stuff in the house. We have plans."

"We do?"

"Yes. We're going to a party." Tara said.

Joey pulled her phone out and looked at it.

"It's 2:45 in the afternoon, who is having a party at this time?" she asked.

Tara scoffed and turned toward Joey.

"You have so much to learn about this town."

-C.T.D.-

As Tara and Joey pulled up to the Teller-Morrow garage, Tara watched

for Joey's reaction. She was not disappointed. As soon as Joey saw all of the motorcycles parked in the lot, her eyes grew wide and she sat still in her seat.

"You alright over there?" Tara asked, voice holding a smugness to it that Joey did not miss.

"You held out on me!" Joey said.

As soon as Tara got the car into park, Joey was out the door, inspecting any bike within her view.

Both Tara and Joey's heads snapped up when they heard a motorcycle coming onto the lot.

Tara recognized Opie's large frame right away, but Joey stood speechless as she watched the bike.

Opie parked and walked over to where he saw Tara standing with who he assumed to be her best friend. He noticed that the girl was the same height as Tara, but was much curvier than the doctor. She had pale skin and medium length dyed blond hair. Opie tried to hide his smile of appreciation as he walked up to them.

"Hey sweetheart." Opie said, kissing her cheek softly.

"Op, glad you came. This is my friend Joey." Tara said, gesturing towards Joey.

"Nice to meet you." Opie greeted. He then noticed that her eyes were still firmly on his bike.

"Do you like it?" Opie asked, trying to make conversation with the girl.

"Are you kidding me?! Your bike is a 2003 Harley Davidson Dyna Super Glide Sport with front drag fairing, a taped thunderheader exhaust, and a custom badlander seat. Not to mention the drag bars with high risers instead of the T-bars everyone else has." Joey said, completing freaking out over his bike.

Opie's eye brows rose and he whipped his head towards Tara.

Tara was getting ready to explain when Joey seemed to figure out her manners and walk up to Opie.

"Gah, sorry. I'm Joanna but everyone calls me Joey. Meaning never call me Joanna." she said, holding her hand out to Opie.

"Opie." He said, shaking her hand.

"So you know a lot about bikes huh?" Opie asked.

"Oh yeah. My family owns a Harley shop in Indianapolis. We lived in a small suburb surrounding the town. I went to college in Chicago with Tara. After we graduated my dad got really sick and I took over the shop for him. I knew a lot before I took over, but learned even more while I was running it." Joey said.

Opie looked to Tara. He mouthed \_her dad?\_ to her. Tara shook her

head slightly, letting him know not to ask.

"So, you're a doctor huh?" Opie asked.

"Nope. I graduated from med school but never did my residency or anything. Now, I don't know if I want to. Yeah, it's a good job, but I don't think I want to do that anymore. I think I'm going to work with bikes and cars. That's something I know and I know I'll enjoy." Joey said, staring dreamily at Opie's bike.

"Well, it's your lucky day. I'm going to introduce you to someone who can make your dreams come true." Tara said, dragging Joey by the hand.

"Ah, good luck with that!" Opie said, walking in the opposite direction as them.

"Who?" Joey asked.

"My soon to be mother in law. She'll be a bitch at first, but she'll warm up to you quickly." Tara said, hoping it were true.

"So, it'll be battle of the bitches huh? This will be very interesting." Joey said, new bounce in her step.

"Very interesting indeed." Tara muttered, knocking on the office door.

-C.T.D.-

**\*\*Alright guys, here was the introductory chapter. It just gives some insight to who our OC is in relation to other characters. I will jump to present time in chapter two but will have flashbacks to important events. As the story goes, if you want a certain flashback, let me know and I'll put it in! I love when readers give input and want to see things! Thanks for reading!\*\***

## 2. Too Pretty For Prison

**\*\*This chapter jumps to present time!\*\***

-CTD-

"Joey, hon, where are those keys?"

"Trager! I swear to God if you don't get the fuck out of this office I'm going to murder you in your sleep!" Joey yelled at him, throwing a stapler his way.

"You're such a crazy bitch. I love it." Tig said, walking out of the office.

Joey huffed as she continued shuffling papers around on the desk, trying to find the keys to the car some of the guys had been working on. After another ten minutes she gave up and went to find Gemma.

Joey ended up finding her sitting in the clubhouse talking to Piney.

"Gemma. I fucked up." Joey said, sitting down beside her.

"What's up sweetheart?" Gemma asked her.

"I can't find the keys to that Toyota. I had them in the office on the desk. When I went to hang them up they were gone. Tig has been up my ass about them for the last half hour. If I don't find them, I'm going to end up killing him, which is sad because I'm too pretty for prison." She said, ducking her head into her hands.

Joey heard someone laugh behind her. She sat up and turned around to see Happy standing there with the keys in his hands.

"You motherfucker." Joey mumbled, running towards him.

Happy held the keys above his head.

"I'm literally almost a foot taller than you, you're not going to reach the keys." Happy gloated.

Joey didn't think twice before she cocked her arm back and punched Happy as hard as she could in the stomach.

It surprised Happy so much that he doubled over, keys coming within Joey's reach.

Joey snatched them up and ran out of the club house. Laughing voices of Gemma and Piney trailing behind her. She walked straight to where Tig was talking to Chibs, standing next to the Toyota.

"Here's the damn keys." Joey said, throwing them at Tig.

Tig was too engrossed in his conversation with Chibs and didn't see the keys coming towards his face. Until they smacked him, that is.

"Hey, you found them! Good job." Tig said, not even flinching with the contact they made with his face.

"Yeah. Speaking of that, next time you see Happy, ask him how his stomach is feeling. Remind that little fucker that I've been sparring with Jax for the last few months."

Joey started walking towards the office when she heard the phone ring.

"Teller-Morrow" She answered.

"Joey, it's Tara."

"Hey my lovely best friend." Joey greeted her.

"Do you think Gem will let you leave for the day? Neeta called me and shes not feeling well. Jackson isn't expected back until tomorrow morning." Tara said. Joey noted the sound of panic in Tara's voice. Tara has taken a lot of time off in her short two and half years here with the club, even more so since Abel was born 18 months ago.

"Babe, I'll make it work. I'll head there now." Joey promised.

"Thank you so much. I owe you." Tara said.

"Bitch, I still live in your house, you don't owe me shit. See you tonight." Joey said, hanging up the phone.

"Who was that?" Gemma asked, coming into the office.

"Tara. Neeta is sick. Mind if I take off and spend some time with our little man?" Joey asked, knowing Gemma would say yes.

"Course. See you in the morning, sweetheart."

Joey walked out of the office, spotting Opie walking towards the clubhouse.

"Hey Op. Wanna let the guys know I'm taking off?" Joey asked him.

"Whatever." Opie said, continuing his walk away from her.

"Asshole." Joey said, loud enough that he could hear her.

As Joey drove to Tara's house, she thought about the first time she approached Opie about hanging out just the two of them.

\_Joey had been living in Charming for about a month the first time Tara and Jax wanted to go out of town. She offered to stay home with Abel while they were gone.\_

\_"Are you sure about this?" Tara asked.\_

\_"I'll have you know, I am also almost 30 and not completely incompetent when it comes to children." Joey reminded her.\_

\_"Jesus, you know I didn't mean that. Alright, well if you're sure I'll let Jax know. Thanks!" Tara said, hugging Joey.\_

\_Joey went into the living room where Abel was playing on the floor with Opie.\_

\_"Hey dude, wanna stay tonight?" Joey asked him.\_

\_"What?" Opie asked, confused at the turn of events.\_

\_"I'm going to watch Abel tonight while Tara and Jax go to some other town to get it on. Like they don't do it enough in this house as it is. I guess they want to paint the state red, I don't know." Joey said, sitting on the floor with the boys.\_

\_"Jesus, Jo. You're so crude."\_

\_"Oh please. Like you boys don't sit and talk about all the action you get while you're drinking in that clubhouse. I know how men operate, I'm not that different." Joey said, hitting Opie's shoulder with her own.\_

\_"You're not wrong there." Opie agreed.\_

\_"So what do you say? Wanna stay tonight? Order some pizza, watch some movies, that kind of stuff?" \_

\_"Alright. Scary movies?" Opie asked.\_

\_"No!" Joey said, louder than intended.\_

\_"Oooh, I get it now! You're scared to be here by yourself. You don't want to hang out with me. You just need a big strong man to protect you and Abel." Opie said, laughing.\_

\_"Joey scoffed and got up off the floor.\_

\_"Please, if I wanted some 'big strong man' to protect me, I'd call Happy. That fucker is trigger happy. Hey, I wonder if that's where he gets the name from." She mused out loud.\_

\_"I'm going to ignore your comment about me not being a big strong man. Also. stop swearing in front of the boy. If Abel's first word is a swear word Tara will have your head." Opie pointed out.\_

\_"Yeah, but Jax will think it's funny. At least until Gemma hears. God, that woman scares me sometimes." Joey said.\_

Joey was pulled from her thoughts as she pulled up to Jax and Tara's house.

Neeta met her at the door and rushed out after thanking Joey for coming so quickly.

Joey walked into the living room and found a note that Neeta had left for her, explaining what was left to do for the day. Abel had been bathed and fed breakfast and lunch. Abel was sleeping, and had been for about a half hour.

Joey went about her afternoon by cleaning and doing laundry. When Abel finally woke up around 3:30, Joey decided they needed to get out of the house for a little bit.

"Abel, my main man. We're going out for ice cream and then the park!" Joey said, getting him out of his bed.

Abel jumped up and down clapping his hands.

Joey already had all of his bags packed and after she'd made sure he was dry, they headed out the door.

After their ice cream, she was glad that she had remembered to grab him an extra clothes. Had she not done that, they'd be making a short trip back to the house.

"Dude, you have more on your shirt than I'm guessing you ate."

Abel smiled up at her with his little gap toothed smile and she smiled back, grabbing him out of his high chair.

-CTD-

They had been at the park for about an hour before Joey scooped him

up and asked if he was ready to go home. Joey wanted to make Tara dinner tonight since it was just going to be the two of them.

Joey piled Abel and all his stuff into her car and got into the drivers seat.

When she turned the key over, the ignition made a sputtering sound and stopped. Every time she tried to restart it after that, all she heard was a knocking sound. The lights would flicker on, but the car wouldn't turn over.

\_Just fucking perfect. \_Joey thought to herself.

She got out her cell phone and called Chibs. He didn't answer. Neither did Happy, Tig, or Kozik.

"God damnit." Joey mumbled under breath.

Joey heard Abel giggle to himself at her exclamation.

"Abel, Aunt Joey is bad. Don't say those words."

Joey dialed the clubhouse number, hoping one of the Sons would answer the phone.

"SAMCRO." Opie's voice answered.

"Hey, Op, it's Joey. Is Chibs there?" she asked, hoping not to prolong whatever this weird thing was going on between her and Opie.

"Nah, he's not." Opie said shortly.

"Okay, well what about Tig or Happy?" She asked.

"Nope. Anything else?" Opie asked, sarcasm in his voice.

"Well fuck you too, Opie. I'm stranded at the city park with Abel and my car won't start. Forget it, I'll walk to the police station. Hale or Unser will give us a ride home. Fucking asshole." Joey said, hanging up on him.

Ten seconds after she'd hung up on him, her phone pinged with a text message.

\_I'll be there in 5. -Op\_

\_Yeah, I've heard that before. \_Joey responded.

She unbuckled her seat belt and asked Abel if he wanted to go for a walk. The police station was only a 15 minute walk from here.

If she knew one thing, it was that she wasn't waiting on Opie Winston again.

**\*\*Hey guys! Let me know what you think. Also, if you want to see any flashbacks as the story progresses, just let me know. I'm pretty flexible in my writing.\*\***

**\*\*Thanks again for reading!\*\***



### 3. Kinship

No more than seven minutes into her walk, Joey saw the blue loaner car from TM come around the corner. She did her best to ignore it, knowing it was Opie. She was being stubborn, but she couldn't help it. He has been such a horrible person to her lately, and she didn't want his help now. She had maybe five more minutes before she was at the police station.

"Joey, just get in the car. I grabbed Gem's car seat before I left the shop." Opie said, getting out of the car.

"No, we're fine. I told you not to come." Joey said, picking Abel up so she could walk faster.

"And I told you that I was coming." Opie said, placing a hand on her shoulder.

"Yeah, five minutes right? A lot can change in five minutes, Opie, you should know that." Joey said, brushing his hand off her shoulder. Joey hated bringing up stupid shit from their past, knowing this was probably part of the reason for the thick tension between them. And honestly, it's a stupid thing to fight about now.

"Please, not in front of Abel. Just, get in the car." Opie asked, resignation thick in his voice.

Joey stood there, staring at Opie for a long minute. As she was turning to walk back towards the car, a deputy car rolled up to a stop beside them.

David Hale emerged from the car, taking in the scene before him.

"Everything alright over here?" David asked, looking intently at Joey.

"David, everything is fine." Joey promised him.

"Are you okay?" he asked, glaring at Opie.

"Dude, you know I'm safe with the club. Opie came to give me a ride home after my car broke down and I was being a stubborn person as usual. Thanks for stopping though, we were just on our way." Joey said, pulling Opie by his elbow towards the car.

"You know where to find me if you need me." David said, going back to his car.

-CTD-

The drive back to Tara's house was quiet and awkward. Abel babbled happily in the backseat, not a care in the world. Joey on the other hand, felt anxious and claustrophobic.

As soon as Opie had the car in park, Joey was out her door and unbuckling Abel. She mumbled a quiet thank you and walked to the house.

As soon as she had the key in the door, she heard Tara's tired voice from behind her, greeting Opie.

Joey turned around, and thankfully Opie had not gotten out of the car.

That's when Joey realized that Tara was home a little early.

"Damn, I wanted to make you dinner tonight." Joey said as Tara met her at the door.

Tara looked Joey up and down. She did not miss the frazzled look in her best friend's eyes.

"Looks like we've both had crappy days. How about we order in tonight?" Tara asked.

Joey took a deep breath and smiled at Tara in acquiescence.

Tara and Joey made small talk for a few minutes before they alternated showering, and then ordered food.

As they were waiting for their food to come, Joey's phone rang.

"Hello?" she answered.

"Hey darling, you called?" Chibs asked.

"Yeah! Fat lot of good you did. I was stuck at the park with Abel, the starter went out on my car. I tried calling you, Happy, Kozik. Everyone. Guess who I got?" Joey asked.

"Ah, I'm sorry. We were all out running errands for Gem. Was it too uncomfortable?" Chibs asked, feeling genuine remorse that he wasn't there for her.

"To say the least." Joey replied.

"Alright. I'll pick your car up tonight and have it to you by the time you need to work in the morning." Chibs promised.

Joey thanked him and let him go as the doorbell rang, signaling that the food was there.

-CTD-

"So what's with the weird thing you got going on with Chibs?" Tara asked as her and Joey were sitting in the living room watching TV.

"Honestly? I feel a kinship with him. He reminds me so much of my dad. He treats me a lot like my dad did too. He never second guesses me on my decisions or thinks that I can't do something I want to do. Plus, he completely gets my weird personality and just rolls with it. You know that's an automatic plus in my book." Joey explained.

Tara smiled at her friend. Joey really had come a long way since the passing of her father. Joey and her father were really close, unlike

Tara and her dad. Tara constantly felt bad that she couldn't really sympathize with Joey on the passing of her father. Yes, Tara missed her dad, but she wasn't close like Joey was. Joey and her dad were more of best friends than parent and child. Thinking about things that Joey has said about her dad, Tara could see the relationship between Joey and Chibs being a father daughter one. Especially looking at how they met.

Tara's laugh caught Joey's attention.

"What's so funny over there, Knowles?" Joey asked.

"I was thinking of your first day here. You being introduced to Chibs." Tara said.

Joey smiled softly and let the memory wash over her.

"Oh! I wanna meet that one! He looks interesting" Joey had said to Tara, pulling her towards another club member.\_

\_Tara looked over the couch by the pool table and saw Chibs sitting there by himself.\_

\_Tara smiled and guided her friend over to him.\_

\_"Chibs. This is my best friend Joey. She just moved to Charming and will be staying with Jax and I for a while." Tara said, waving her hand in Joey's direction.\_

\_"Ah, I've heard a lot about you love. It's nice to meet you." Chibs said, standing up to greet the ladies.\_

\_"Oh my god! You have an accent! That is so cool. My dad used to be amazing at accents. I never quite got the Scottish one down though." Joey said, speaking so fast her words were blurring together.\_

\_"Well, lucky for you I'm a Bona-fide Scott's man here. I can teach ya." Chibs said, throwing his arm over her shoulder.\_

\_Joey jumped up and down in her place, clapping her hands.\_

\_"Yes! You're my new best friend." she stated, matter of factly.\_

\_"Hey!" Tara yelled indignantly beside her.\_

\_"Can it bitch. You can't do accents to save your life." Joey said, turning back towards Chibs.\_

\_Chibs laughed, along with Tara and Joey, throwing his head back and clanking his beer against Joey's in cheers.\_

Joey was grabbed from her memory almost violently when she heard Tara's quiet, sad voice beside her.

"I think Jax is cheating on me."

"What?!" Joey yelled.

Tara took a deep breath.

"He's gone all the time on runs lately. And when he's here he's on the phone or at the clubhouse. I feel like the last three weeks have just been Abel and I. I'm scared Joey. There is one hard line for me and Jax knows it's cheating." Tara admitted.

"Oh God Tara no! Please don't ask me to go into specifics just know that when Jax is at the clubhouse I'm usually there too. And you know I'm not sleeping with your man, he's too pretty for me." Joey joked.

"But in all seriousness, Jax is not cheating on you. I don't know what's going on with the club and all the runs he's been doing, but I do know Jax. He's so in love with you, you have no idea babe." Joey promised, wrapping a supportive arm around Tara's shoulders.

"Are you sure?" Tara asked.

Joey smiled, thinking of Jax approaching her last month.

\_Joey was sitting in the office, waiting for Chibs to come get her to teach her about fixing brakes on a Harley.\_

\_The door opened and Jax walked in.\_

\_"Well hey there, pretty boy. What brings you to my neck of the woods." Joey asked.\_

\_"I have a favor to ask of you." Jax said, looking down sheepishly.\_

\_"Okay, you have my attention. What's up?"\_

\_"I love my fiancée." Jax said.\_

\_"Okay, you \_really \_have my attention. This conversation is either going to get you killed or Tara to fall in love with you more. Just remember that you are speaking to her best friend. And while Tara is, I'm sure, opposed to murder, I definitely am not; given the situation of course." Joey threatened.\_

\_"What? No. Jesus. I guess I could have started that differently." Jax said, backtracking a little.\_

\_"Mhm. Now continue." Joey said.\_

\_"Okay. I love Tara. I want to show her how much I love her. The wedding is coming up in a couple of months and I know she isn't making a big deal out of it cause she knows I don't care, but she does. She told me she doesn't want to have a wedding shower, but I know she does. I think it's more because she doesn't want another club party. Tara is in the club as much as I am, but sometimes I think she wants more than whiskey and cigarettes at a party." Jax said, rubbing his face in his hands.\_

\_"Of course she does, dumbass. You've come to the right person. We'll plan an awesome party that the club will like, but Tara will like too. This is going to be amazing. You're a pretty decent guy, you know that?" Joey asked, walking up to Jax.\_

\_"Yes." Jax deadpanned.\_

\_"Alright, fucker, calm down."\_

"Yes, Tara, I'm very sure Jax is not cheating on you." Joey said.

Tara sat back, smiling a small, unsure smile.

She then turned her attention to Joey

"So what's up with you and Opie?" she asked kindly.

"Ugh, can we go back to thinking Jax was cheating on you?" Joey whined.

-CTD-

**\*\*A/N:** Alright guys, here is chapter three. Hope you guys enjoy it. I'm going to try to get another chapter out today but we'll see. I'm running kind of slow right now. I popped my right shoulder out of place last night and with being 5 months pregnant on top of that, I'm miserable. On the plus side, I'm a stay at home mom with 2 elementary age children so I have spare time to heal and write :)\*\*

**\*\*Thanks again for reading!\*\***

#### 4. Well, I'm Not a Doctor

**\*\*A/N:** If you're reading chapter 4, thanks for coming back!\*\*

The next morning, Joey woke up later than usual. She would still be on time for work, but would need to eat a quick breakfast and then head out.

She walked out into the kitchen and saw Chibs sitting at the table with Tara and Abel. Jax, surprisingly, was home already, getting coffee from the pot on the counter. Joey passed him to get a to go cup and Jax kissed her on the cheek, uttering good morning.

When she got to the table, Chibs did the same thing.

"Gah! Seriously, this family is way too lovey dovey. It's freaking weird. It's like everyone participates in a giant disturbing orgy. Wackos" Joey said, shaking her head.

"Hey, it's not an orgy if you're not sleeping with anyone. Plus, I thought you wouldn't sleep with me cause I'm too pretty." Jax joked.

Tara slapped Jax on the arms while Joey glared at Tara.

Joey was glad though, that Tara had confided in Jax her insecurities of him cheating on her.

"Traitor!" Joey said, pointing at Tara.

"Seriously though, Jax." She continued. "We could be twins. Our hair

is the same length and color, we both have blue eyes, and we're both pretty pale. I just happen to be short with a better ass than you."

"I'm not going to say anything to that." Jax said, holding his hands up in surrender.

"Good man." Joey said, winking at Tara.

"Seriously love, your ass puts J. Lo's to shame." Chibs piped up.

"Okay, that's fucking disgusting. You're like my dad." Joey said, shaking away the dirty feeling in her stomach.

"Yeah \_like\_. There's no blood relation." Chibs pointed out.

Joey shrugged her shoulders in consent and made herself breakfast.

"Oh, your car is here. It was the starter." Chibs said.

"I told you." Joey replied smugly.

Joey had been leaning more about cars the last 6 months. She knew a lot of specifications of cars and bikes, but not a lot on how to fix them. She was planning on going to school for it, but until she had the money to do so, she would learn from the guys at the shop. Gemma was more than fine with the arrangement.

"Wanna ride to work today? You haven't ridden the bike in a while." Chibs said as Joey washed off her plate.

"Sure, that'd be awesome. Plus it's Friday." Joey said.

That was one perk about working at the garage. Gemma and Joey only work until noon on Friday, and had the weekends off. The garage does not take in any new clients on Fridays, and if someone needs to pick up their car, they know to do it before noon or they get to deal with Tig or Happy. Most people try to avoid that, naturally.

-CTD-

Today, Jax stayed home until noon when Joey could get there. Neeta still wasn't feeling well.

"Hey Jax, go ahead and take off. You said Abel is sleeping and I'm going to take a quick shower before he gets up and wants lunch.

"You sure?" Jax asked.

"Course. Plus, there should be a shipment of stuff coming to the clubhouse that's for the party. I think there's only one more set of stuff that needs to come before the party next week.

"Alright. Thanks darlin'." Jax said, and then was on his way.

Joey had just gotten out of the shower and had started getting dressed when there was an incessant knocking on the front door.

"Be there in a minute." she yelled.

She had on a shirt and a pair of underwear when she heard the front door open. Without even thinking of finishing getting dressed, she crept out of the bathroom and into Abel's room where he was still napping.

"Joey, you here?" she heard from the living room.

She tore out of Abel's room, one step away from a rampage.

"What the fuck, Opie? Why did you just barge in here like you were going to case the place?!" She found Juice and Opie wandering around the front of the house looking for her.

"Well hello there Joey." Juice said, looking her up and down.

"Fuck off Juice. Seriously, what do you guys need?" She was getting really irritated now.

"Well for starters, I'm starting to think you want people to see you half naked." Opie said, disgust lacing his voice.

"You have five seconds, or less, before I give you a fucking black eye. What. Do. You. Want?" She enunciated every word of her question.

"We need you to come to the clubhouse. Bobby got hurt." Opie explained.

"Well, I'm not a doctor. Take him to the hospital." Joey said, dismissing the guys.

"We can't take him to the hospital. You've had training and went to school for years. You have much more experience than Chibs and he used to do a lot of the patch up stuff." Juice said, pleading tone in his voice.

"Well why the hell can't you take him to the hospital?"

"Because he wiped out on his bike." Opie said in way of explanation.

"Fucking great. Drunk or high?" Joey asked.

"I don't know. Both?" Juice answered.

"It's one in the afternoon. You all have some serious fucking problems that you need to get a grip on." Joey took a deep breath.

"Fine! But if he has an infection or anything else he needs to go to the hospital or have Tara come. I'm not going to be responsible if one of you \_irresponsible \_shit heads die."

"Fair enough."

"Okay well first thing, I need to put some pants on. Juice, you can wake up Abel. Opie, you can grab some supplies for Abel from the

kitchen." Joey said, walking back toward the bathroom.

"I bet Bobby would enjoy seeing you like that." Juice said, trying to be funny.

Joey stopped in her tracks and turned to glare at Juice. The smile immediately fell from his face.

"Sorry, I'm going."

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Once Joey was dressed and everyone was ready, Opie and Juice left on their motorcycles while Joey took the car and Abel.

"Baby, you're going to see Gramma G. How does that sound?" Joey asked, looking through the review mirror at him.

Abel happily clapped his hands and smiled at her.

Once they were at the shop, Joey quickly passed Abel over to Gemma and went to find Bobby and the others.

"Hey, they're in chapel." Tig said, pointing towards the closed door.

The scene Joey found was one that made her nauseous.

Bobby laid on the table with the whole left side of his body scrapped up. You could see bits of dirt and rocks in the gashes.

The gash on his face is what made her the most worried. It was deep and still bleeding.

Luckily Tara had patched up her fair share of club members. That meant that there was more stuff here for Joey to use.

"You're going to need stitches in your face for sure." Joey said, pointing the the bleeding gash.

Joey instructed Juice to get the rest of Tara's items out of the closet.

"You sure you can do this?" Opie asked.

"Hey, don't do that. You're the one that dragged my ass here. Don't you go and fucking belittle me now. Just get out. I don't know need extra people in here." Joey demanded, gesturing with one gloved hand towards the door.

Joey worked in silence the rest of the time, while Opie paced outside the Chapel doors.

"What's up with you two?" Jax asked, coming up to Opie.

"I don't know man, she kicked me out." Opie said.

"Hey, from what I hear, I would have kicked your ass out too." Jax defended.



"That's not even how I meant it. I didn't want her to be uncomfortable if she didn't quite know what she was doing." Opie said.

"Dude, she went through med school, she can do basic stitches and clean up on that old man. What is it really?" Jax asked.

Opie took a deep breath.

"I don't know. I just had to take a step back for a while. I knew we wanted two different was frustrating." Opie admitted.

"Dude, you're a fucking idiot." is all Jax said before he walked away to the Chapel to see if he could help with anything.

Opie sat heavily in one of the chairs, trying to figure out what Jax meant.

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\*\*A/N: Next chapter is the biiiiiig one! :)\*\*

End  
file.